

\$250 REWARD

For the Final Chapter of This Great Serial

# The Washington Times

WASHINGTON, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1919.

**CAMOUFLAGED**  
Will Be Written Entirely By Washingtonians—YOU Can Write the Last Chapter

SECTION TWO.

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This is the speediest serial ever written, because while you are reading today's chapter, tomorrow's is being written. That makes the author hustle.

## 'CAMOUFLAGED'

The Times' Great \$250 Reward Serial. You Can Win the Prize If You Write the Best Final Chapter

This story has one peculiarity. The characters disappear, but they never die. Every character that was in the first chapter will be in the last, as no author will be allowed to kill one or add one.

### What Has Happened Up to Date

Major Knowles receives a letter from a Denver bank advising him to begin search for Madeline Lucille Connor, who had left Colorado for Washington, carrying the details of a secret process for the transmutation of base metals into gold. Knowles is held up by four Chinamen, who secure the letter. He is rescued by Captain Henderson, who had just been robbed of a letter received from Miss Connor. Fuller and Snyder plan to get the chart from Madeline. Mrs. Thayer is also trying to gain the confidence of the Colorado girl, while Wu Tsang, the Chinese diplomat, is working under a cloak of mystery. Lieutenant Kimball has been kidnapped and Madeline Lucille Connor, who has been trapped in the office of Fuller, makes sensational escape out of eleventh-story window, reaching adjoining office, falls into meshes of conspirators again, is taken to house of Wu Tsang, who locks her in mysterious cabinet.

Lieutenant Kimball is rescued by aviator comrade, phoney hotel, is answered by Mrs. Thayer, who impersonates Madeline, makes appointment to meet Kimball at Wu Tsang's house, both taxis are wrecked in collision, Kimball and Mrs. Thayer carried unconscious into the Highlands—conspirators demand that Wu Tsang release Madeline from cabinet—the door is opened, the cabinet is empty, and out runs little Brown Mouse. Madeline awakes by chance to secret cavern, Kimball taken from Highlands unconscious, to temple of Wu Tsang, where he is bound and thrown into cellar. Madeline, trying to escape, discovers Kimball, both give fictitious names, and hide in cavern as the oriental conspirators bring Fuller and Snyder, bound and gagged, into cellar, where they discover the strange disappearance of Kimball. Knowles and Henderson meet at Raleigh, start search for Madeline, and discover that Kimball has disappeared.

Locate Madeline at Capitol Park Hotel, learn she and "gun" had left with baggage. Madeline recognizes Kimball in basement vault, aviator escapes up chute and, making detour, hurries himself upon Wu Tsang, who is at bottom of stairs in basement, but instead of overpowering the Celestial, Kimball is surprised. Knowles and Henderson discover House of Mystery, door unlocked, enter find three Chinamen before carved image of Buddha. Knowles demands the whereabouts of Madeline; a piercing scream of a woman leads rescuers and prisoners to basement. Knowles discovers Wu Tsang in act of sinking dagger into Kimball's heart. Knowles sends bullet to knifeblade, breaking it at hilt. Kimball lands uppercut on Wu Tsang, knocking latter unconscious. Round forms of Fuller and Snyder discovered. Knowles glancingly exhibits and lays chart on table. Fuller lights cigarette, throws match into package of powder taken from one of the Celestials. There was a blinding glare, room was empty and chart was gone, and they were locked in cellar. Three men make escape through coal chute. Madeline intercepted by Mrs. Thayer and induced to go to the latter's country home on island in Potomac, where she is held prisoner. Makes her escape with assistance of Kimball and hydroplane. Kimball loses control while at eight thousand feet, faints, and boat comes to water in tail spin dive. Kimball recovers, rights machine, circles to east, bearing. Knowles and Henderson escape from lion's den, discovered by Kimball on Chevy Chase hilltop; quartet go to Raleigh, discover Wu Tsang. Mrs. Thayer, Fuller, Snyder in conference, wild chase in automobile begins from Raleigh ending abruptly at Potomac sea wall, of Speedway. Both machines hurtle into river. The chart is thrown from pursuing machine; the little "Brown Mouse" starts toward it from the Virginia shore.

arranged? Was it prearranged by Wu Tsang or by Madeline? Was the real chart thrown overboard? What had become of the occupants of the first machine? What will happen to Mrs. Thayer and to Wu Tsang? So many thoughts flashed through their minds that they had not the time to thresh them out logically. Every minute was a fortune.

Three boarded an Alexandria car at noon, and in a few minutes had determined upon a plan of bronchore. One thing was clear to them. Whether or not the chart was genuine, they must rescue their pals. "Who knows," thought Fuller, "maybe the nimble-fingered Wu had picked up the paper as the motor boat was speeding along." At least this mere thought was a ray of hope which, by hard thinking and quick action, might be strengthened into a cable of security.

At any rate, they found themselves at Twelfth street and Pennsylvania avenue; and a taxi conveyed them to the ivy covered home on Connecticut avenue. In a room on the third floor was an array of disguises, ever ready to serve the devilish purposes which Wu and his conspiring rescuers found to their needs. Snyder and Fuller stood before the mirror, admiring themselves in their khaki uniforms, camouflaged as American officers.

About to leave the door, Fuller said: "Guess it's time to get a bite before we start back." "Not so quick, my boy; lunch can wait. I have a hunch that there's something between that aviator and Miss Connor. That flight with her in the aeroplane looks to me a bit suspicious. How do I know that he didn't want to spirit her away?"

Said his pal: "Sounds reasonable enough, but what of it?" "I mean to say," said Fuller, "I don't believe that he has any real love for her. I think he wants that chart. He certainly wants the money, and he is marrying the girl for the sake of the money." The only answer that Snyder could give was the old question, "Well, what of it?" "Just wait until she gets this!" as he inserted a note in an envelope. Ten minutes later a taxi stopped at the Dime Messenger Service, and then promptly hurried our disguised officers in the direction of Fort Myer, where they were to make the real test of their cunning.

What an hour this must have been for Wu and his female accomplice! What an ordeal they were put through! The suspicious eyes of their rescuers rested heavily on them during this entire period. An Oriental and a white woman! What a fine combination for mischief and intrigue! Led hurriedly up the sloping hills, Mrs. Thayer and Wu found themselves in the adjutant's office. Outwitted by the cruel fate that forced him to throw the incriminating parchment on the waters, what was Wu's amazement upon finding that there it lay on the adjutant's desk before him. Mrs. Thayer and Wu were dumfounded when they beheld this mysterious document staring at them. Its very triangle seemed burning shame and pity and failure into their souls.

How regain possession of the chart which in a moment of fear was cast upon the water? Could one fathom the mind of the Chinaman he would find him conjuring questions such as these: "Was it, after all, the original chart? By what mysterious means



RABBI ABRAM SIMON,  
The writer of today's chapter, who has just returned from France, where he has for months been engaged in war work.

had been brought to this desk? What design were the wily Fates weaving into the warp and woof of events? Whatever thoughts may have been occupying the mind of the Oriental, a series of quite different reflections formed the basis of the Adjutant's point of view. The lettering on the chart suggested something of a mystery. To the Adjutant these two were plainly spies, and must be held under rigid observation. Mrs. Thayer was taken to an adjoining room, while Wu was kept in the office undergoing the ordeal of a Third Degree.

Retracing our steps for a few moments, we find that Major Knowles and his three companions had no difficulty in emerging from the unfortunate embarrassment which brought them into such a sorry plight. The car had been partially submerged, but the mechanical mind of Kimball worked rapidly. The top of the limousine being so constructed that by the pressure of a springlike bolt it could be readily opened, Kimball threw back one-half of the top, climbed out through the aperture, jumped on a protruding rock and made his way to the shore. With the aid of a plank, Madeline, Kimball and Henderson bridged the distance to dry land. Happy, indeed, was the quartet to find themselves together after such an experience.

Major Knowles and Captain Henderson, advising Lieutenant Kimball and Madeline to get back to the

world to me. It contains all that I hold dear—my father's love, his dying words to me, my hopes for the future—all are embodied in its mystic lines. Its very triangle is a symbol of the love I bear him and of my pledge to carry his secret to a successful issue. That chart is now my life's consecration."

"Surely Madeline, you do not think that I would for a moment belittle so sacred an obligation. I admire you all the more because of your devotion to your father. I glory in the fine determination with which you are endeavoring to realize his lifelong dreams, and I would give my very life to help you in attaining your sacred goal. Nothing would give me greater happiness than to place at your disposal all I possess."

"I appreciate your kindness," said Madeline. "Your chivalry and your friendship have been a great boon to me, and I shall never forget my father's last words concerning your father and the fathers of our two friends. Unknowingly I have already accepted your co-operation and your willingness to serve me."

"I would serve you," said he, "in even a greater degree. Years may pass before your father's dream is realized. For many centuries past the secret of transmuting base metals into gold has captured the imagination and enslaved the intellects of men and, like the secret of perpetual motion, it still remains unsolved."

Madeline was biting her lips. She was listening to something that seemed like poison to her soul. Was Frank discouraging her? Did Frank suspect that her father was not on the right track? Despair was the very last acid that could possibly swerve her from her sacred mission. Before she could make reply, and with a feeling of regret that he uttered a sentiment that displeased his sweetheart, he added hurriedly, "But it is far from my mind to imply, Madeline, that things are altogether impossible. As an aviator I recall the day when men laughed to scorn the efforts of the beginners of the science of aviation. All discoveries are preceded by the cynicism of men of little faith. It is only because I have the strongest faith in you and in the future that I welcome this opportunity of revealing my soul to you. If you will listen to me just a moment longer, Madeline, I will tell you frankly what I am thinking about. I know that the Patent Office, only a few blocks away from here, represents the graveyard of great ambitions."

"The chart is missing, and the great principle lies within you. I am thinking that years may roll by before success has actually crowned your noble efforts, and during the intervening years you, too, will have grown older. Why should you miss the sweetness of life? Why should you wear your young years away when happiness lies closer to you than you possibly know? Your father was interested in the transmutation of metals into gold. So am I. Is not love the transmuting force in the world? Is it not after all the real secret of joy and happiness? Is it not the one element that gives value to everything we have and everything we do?"

"Trust me, then, Madeline, the great principle is within your soul and in mine—and the mystic triangle is

### How You Can Win \$250

The entire story of "CAMOUFLAGED" will be written by twenty-eight Washingtonians—all of whom you know. Each chapter will be from the pen of a different author—and the Thirtieth Chapter, will be an open competition among all the readers of THE WASHINGTON TIMES.

The writer who can successfully solve this mystery and write the best final chapter of "CAMOUFLAGED" will receive a cash prize of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, in addition to the honor of having won this remarkable literary contest.

Faith and Hope and Love. Will you, Madeline, understand from this that I would have you as mine forever?" Scarcely had he said these words, when Miss Madeline, Lucille Connor's name was called by a page, who handed her a letter. Puzzled by the unfamiliar handwriting, and suddenly recalling a recent dread experience, she hastily tore upon the envelope. In a moment she became pale and visibly agitated, and abruptly left the table—Frank was stunned and speechless.

I am sure the gentle reader will have his special sympathies for Frank and Madeline. I doubt not that some will be drawn instinctively to the major and the captain. Some, by that unique trait in our make-up, will be fascinated by the four conspirators from a redemptive point of view and will hope for their final return to the paths of virtue. But an author is interested in all the children of his imagination. Somehow I cannot let the little brown mouse pass from this story without its winning a deeper affection on your part. You have noticed thus far how Madeline's career in Washington was in some way connected with this ubiquitous rodent. Who can divine what secret attraction this mouse had for Madeline and for the chart?

Recall with me that the parchment takes us back to the papyrus plant of Egypt, and that the transmutation of metals had its birth in the land of the Nile before it matured in Arabia. Recall, also, that in this land of wondrous pyramids the animals were sacred to the gods, and that the transmutation of metals was followed by the belief in the transmigration of souls—or the transmigration of souls. Some time back in the distant aeons a struggling Egyptian genius had pilfered a secret from the hidden caverns of the Sphinx resting on the sands of time as it looked passionately into the unborn future. As a punishment for this daring misdeed the soul of the unfortunate offender entered the body of a mouse. Thus, driven by the force of ages, by inexplicable power and destiny, the soul of the mouse was linked to the Great Principle.

By the time Major Knowles and Henderson turned the curve not far from the Adjutant's office they saw two men alight to inquire the way to the room of the commanding officer. Wu Tsang had passed through the hardest hour of his life, subjected to the severest scrutiny as to his past and his diplomatic career. Refusing in any way to incriminate himself as a spy and skillfully evading the slightest suggestion as to any connection between himself and the pro-German spy system he left the Adjutant puzzled as before. A ring of the bell called the Adjutant to the phone. Just as the adjutant hung up the receiver, two American officers entered the room. The adjutant's glance went immediately to the chart before him, and to his utter amazement the mystic triangle had disappeared from the center of the chart. His scrutiny of the Chinaman would have been more relentless had not a little brown mouse just then scampered across the table.

To be continued tomorrow in a chapter written by Beatrice Fairfax, the best known woman newspaper writer in Washington.

### FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF "CAMOUFLAGED"

By GEORGE H. DONOHUE. Somehow or other the "Brown Mouse" mouse keeps bobbing up in the remarkable narrative of "Camouflaged" through the fertile brains of our various authors contributing to this collaborative serial. Dr. Simon, in Chapter VIII today, certainly has the little brown mouse some history, all-around fellow; he carries his history even back to beyond the Sphinx and injects a "creepy vision of the great possibility of the rodent as the real accomplice, villain, or, possibly, hero of this absorbing mystery. Ron Fulkerston left the arch conspirators with three gallant heroes and the fair Madeline drenched together in floating limousines in the Potomac, but—here we have the cunning hand of Rabbi Simon, who, with just a single swipe of his pen—just like that!—rescues the heroes, traps the villains, makes a sensational recovery of the chart, gets the adjutant of Fort Myer all fussed up, and who would wonder—doesn't the triangle on the chart disappear almost while the bewildered army officer is looking at it? Why, even our wily villain, Wu Tsang, is rubbing his eyes at the strange discovery, while Mrs. Thayer—well, she evidently still has something up her sleeve. But how about Fuller and Snyder in army uniforms? It is dollars to doughnuts right now that if these two villainous scoundrels happen to come face to face with our overworked heroes, Henderson and Knowles, there is apt to be some spectacular fireworks. Dr. Simon has left his remarkable chapter to the narrative in such shape as will require all the ingenuity of the gifted authoress, Beatrice Fairfax, to unkink in her story in Chapter IX, appearing tomorrow. Miss Fairfax, however, having plenty of ink in her fountain pen and with her typewriter all oiled, ready for action, is ready to swing into the rapid pace set by the preceding authors the moment she has absorbed Dr. Simon's story today.

### Washingtonians Who Will Write Next Chapters of This Great Serial

THURSDAY

Congressman Baer

Member from North Dakota and famous cartoonist.

FRIDAY

J. Irving Belt

Foreman of The Times composing room.

SATURDAY

Dr. W. A. White

Superintendent of St. Elizabeth's Asylum.

SUNDAY

Wilton J. Lambert

One of Washington's most successful lawyers.

MONDAY

Mrs. M. S. Gerry

Member of Board of Education and author.

**TOMORROW'S CHAPTER WILL BE WELCOMED BY TIMES READERS FOR IT IS TO BE WRITTEN BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX**